NO. 20
OCT 1990
$1.50 US
$1.85 CAN
80p UK
SUGGESTED
FOR MATURE
READERS

the SANDMAN™

DREAM COUNTRY

Neil Gaiman - Colleen Doran - Malcolm Jones III

CONVERSION BY WILDSTORM

THEY SAY THAT CIGARETTES WILL KILL YOU, EVENTUALLY.

QUARTZ

FINE.

THAT'S JUST FINE.

I ONLY WISH THEY'D DO IT *FASTER*.

I DRAW THE SMOKE INTO MY LUNGS, EXTRACT THE NICOTINE AND THE TAR. IT DOESN'T DO ANYTHING FOR ME, BUT I LIKE THE SMOKE.

I LIKE THE *ASH*. THE WAY IT *FALLS*. I LIKE BREATHING OUT THE SMOKE.

I LIKE SMOKING CIGARETTES. IT'S SOMETHING NORMAL PEOPLE DO.

I SMOKE A CIGARETTE, AND PRETEND I'M NORMAL.

AND I WISH I WAS DEAD.

IT'S 10:20. MULLIGAN *MUST* BE IN BY NOW.

HELLO? EXTENSION 3440, PLEASE.

3440.

MULLIGAN? IT'S ME. BLACKWELL.

OH. HELLO, RAINIE. WHAT'S NEW? YOU BEEN OUT RECENTLY?

UH. NO.

MULLIGAN, I'M *REALLY* DEPRESSED.

I'M SORRY TO HEAR THAT, RAINIE.

YESTERDAY, I JUST STARTED CRYING. AND I COULDN'T *STOP.* AND I JUST CRIED AND CRIED AND CRIED.

UM.

I'M *SORRY* TO LAY THIS ALL ON YOU, MULLIGAN. BUT YOU'RE THE *ONLY* PERSON I'VE GOT.

NO PROBLEM, RAINIE.

IS MY *CHECK* ON THE WAY THIS MONTH, MULLIGAN? I *THINK* IT MUST BE *LATE*. IT'S THE ONLY MAIL I GET, EXCEPT FOR JUNK MAIL. *YOU* KNOW.

YOUR CHECK DOESN'T GO OUT TILL THE LAST WEDNESDAY IN THE MONTH, RAINIE. YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT BY *NOW.*

I, UM. I SUPPOSE I FORGOT.

MULLIGAN? WHAT DO YOU *LOOK* LIKE?

HUH? I DUNNO, RAINIE. SORT OF NORMAL, I GUESS. BROWN HAIR. BROWN EYES. FIVE FOOT TEN. HOW ABOUT YOU?

YOU'VE *SEEN* THE *PHOTOS*, HAVEN'T YOU? IN MY *FILE?*

...YES.

I LOOK LIKE THEM.

YOU *WERE* REALLY CUTE. I MEAN *BEFORE*. FROM YOUR FILE.

I *CAN* LOOK LIKE THAT *NOW*, MULLIGAN. I CAN EVEN *FEEL* LIKE *FLESH*, SO YOU ALMOST COULDN'T TELL. *HONEST.*

MAYBE WE COULD MEET UP *SOME* TIME--

NOT A GOOD IDEA, RAINIE. YOU KNOW COMPANY POLICY.

YEAH. I KNOW THE COMPANY.

I GOTTA GET BACK TO WORK, RAINIE. YOU'RE NOT THE *ONLY* VET I GOTTA DEAL WITH. AND I'M PROCESSING CHECKS THIS AFTERNOON.

OH. TALK TO YOU NEXT WEEK, MULLIGAN.

BYE, RAINIE.

I SHOULDN'T HAVE PHONED HIM. NOW I CAN'T PHONE HIM FOR ANOTHER *WEEK*. I OUGHT TO HAVE *WAITED*. PUT IT OFF UNTIL AFTER LUNCH. MAYBE HE'D HAVE TALKED TO ME *LONGER*, AFTER LUNCH.

I WONDER WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE.

I WONDER WHAT MY FILE *SAYS* ABOUT ME?

MAYBE I COULD GO *UP* THERE SOME NIGHT AND...

WHAT IF THEY *CAUGHT* ME? THEY'D GET *MAD*. THEY'D *KNOW* IT WAS ME. THEY'D CUT MY DISABILITY PENSION. JUST *CUT* IT LIKE *THAT*.

AND THEN *NO ONE* WOULD TALK TO ME.

THE COMPANY. THE COMPANY IS ALL I'VE *GOT*.

AND *MULLIGAN'S* ALL I'VE GOT LEFT OF THE COMPANY.

NOBODY EVER COMES HERE. NOBODY PHONES.

NOBODY CARES ANY MORE.

DRIING DRIING

DRIING

THE PHONE

OH GOD.

PUT ON A BRAVE FACE.

IT'S JUST A TELEPHONE.

DRIING

FAÇADE

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ELEMENT GIRL created by Bob Haney & Ramona Fradon

H-HELLO?

IS URANIA BLACKWELL THERE?

YES. YES, THIS IS SHE. WH-WHO IS THIS?

RAINIE? THIS IS DELLA. DELLA KARIAKIS. BUT I WAS DELLA POTTER WHEN YOU KNEW ME.

DELLA? I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE... WHEN? FIVE YEARS AGO?

NOT SINCE THE CRYPTOGRAPHY COURSE IN OREGON. I GOT YOUR PHONE NUMBER FROM TRIANGLE. HE DUG IT OUT OF ARCHIVES FOR ME.

TRIANGLE? HE'S STILL IN THE COMPANY? ARE YOU? STILL ACTIVE, I MEAN?

SURE. I, UH, HEAR YOU'VE LEFT.

SORT OF. PENSIONED OUT. SOME PHYSICAL STUFF.

YOU KNOW HOW IT IS.

YEAH. LISTEN, RAINIE, COULD I SEE YOU? FOR LUNCH OR SOMETHING? IF YOU'RE NOT DOING ANYTHING?

I... I'M NOT DOING ANYTHING.

GREAT. HOW ABOUT NEXT TUESDAY. IN THE DA VINCI. YOU KNOW-- THE ITALIAN PLACE IN THE MALL.

I... I CAN FIND IT.

GREAT. I'LL SEE YOU THERE, THEN. CIAO.

AND I SIT HERE. AND I LIGHT ANOTHER CIGARETTE, AND I TRY TO STOP TREMBLING.

I'LL HAVE TO PUT MY FACE ON.

I *HATE* MAKING FACES. THEY GIVE ME *DREAMS*.

I ONLY HAVE *TWO* KINDS OF DREAMS: THE *BAD* AND THE *TERRIBLE*.

BAD DREAMS I CAN *COPE* WITH. THEY'RE JUST NIGHTMARES, AND THEY *END* EVENTUALLY.

I WAKE UP.

THE *TERRIBLE* DREAMS ARE THE *GOOD* DREAMS.

IN MY TERRIBLE DREAMS, EVERYTHING'S *FINE*. I'M *STILL* WITH THE *COMPANY*. I *STILL* LOOK LIKE *ME*. *NONE* OF THE LAST FIVE YEARS *EVER* HAPPENED.

SOMETIMES I'M *MARRIED*. ONCE I EVEN HAD *KIDS*. I EVEN KNEW THEIR *NAMES*. EVERYTHING'S *WONDERFUL* AND *NORMAL* AND *FINE*.

AND THEN I WAKE UP. AND I'M STILL ME.

AND I'M STILL HERE.

AND THAT IS *TRULY* TERRIBLE.

AND *THIS* DREAM?

RAINIE, IN *THAT* TOMB'S THE DOOHICKEY THAT TURNED REX MASON INTO A SUPER-MAN.

YOU'RE GOING *IN* THERE A *TOP* COMPANY OFFICER. BUT YOU'RE GOING TO COME *OUT* AN *AMERICAN SUPER-WOMAN*. FOR UNCLE SAM.

I NEVER *HAD* ANY UNCLES, TRIANGLE. *DID* I?

IN MY DREAM THE TOMB DOESN'T SMELL OF ANYTHING.

THE LAST TIME I CAME DOWN HERE IT SMELLED OF DUST, AND OF DEATH.

THAT'S THE *ORB* OF *RA*.

COME TO ME, DAUGHTER.

I AM RA. I AM THE SUN, WHO IS LIFE. I AM HE WHO IS BORN A CHILD EVERY MORN, AND DIES, AN OLD MAN, AT NIGHTFALL.

FROM MY SENILE SPITTLE AND FROM THE DUST, HUMANKIND WAS CREATED TO WALK THE EARTH, AND TO WORSHIP THE GODS.

THIS DIDN'T *HAPPEN*. IT WAS JUST THE STONE. IT DIDN'T *HAPPEN* LIKE *THIS*.

AND MORTAL CLAY CAN AID ME IN MY CEASELESS BATTLE WITH APEP, THE GREAT SERPENT.

THE BRAVE ONES WHO SEEK MY GIFT...

I JUST WENT WHERE I WAS TOLD TO, DID WHAT I WAS ASKED.

WAS THAT SO BAD?

I TRY TO *SHOUT* AT HIM, TELL HIM I DON'T *WANT* HIS GIFT, I WANT TO BE *NORMAL*, THAT I'VE CHANGED MY *MIND*...

I TRY AND TRY...

NOTHING COMES OUT. I CAN MAKE NO SOUND.

I *FAILED*. I DIDN'T STOP IT HAPPENING.

EVEN IN MY *DREAMS*. EVEN IN MY *DREAMS* I CAN'T *WIN*.

I NEVER ASKED FOR IT.

I *HATE* DREAMS.

I DON'T *WANT* ANY MORE *DREAMS*.

I DON'T WANT ANY MORE *ANYTHING*.

YOU'D THINK, IF YOU CAN TURN YOURSELF INTO ANYTHING, THE EASIEST THING IN THE *WORLD* WOULD BE TO TRANSMUTE YOURSELF INTO *FLESH*. RIGHT?

NO.

I TRIED IT ONCE. NEVER AGAIN.

I COULDN'T GET RID OF THE *SMELL* FOR *WEEKS*.

ROTTEN MEAT.

SILICATE FACES ARE EASIER TO MANAGE. OKAY, IT HARDENS EVENTUALLY, AND FALLS OFF AFTER A DAY OR SO.

AND YOU CAN USE THE EMPTY FACES, FOR USEFUL THINGS.

THINGS NORMAL PEOPLE HAVE.

BUT AT *LEAST* IT DOESN'T *ROT*.

FAKING REAL HAIR IS EASIER. MOSTLY I USE METALS.

IT LOOKS *FINE* AS LONG AS NOBODY *TOUCHES* IT.

NOBODY EVER DOES.

EVERYTHING ELSE, YOU JUST COVER UP.

YOU CAN COVER UP SO *MUCH*.

OKAY, RAINIE. TIME TO FACE THE WORLD.

I FEEL *SICK*.

RAINIE? URANIA BLACKWELL? IS THAT YOU?

...DELLA?

YOU LOOK INCREDIBLE, HON! YOU HAVEN'T AGED A SINGLE DAY! YOU MUST TELL ME YOUR SECRET.

UH. HI, DELLA. IS THERE AN ASHTRAY?

I'M AFRAID THIS IS A NON-SMOKING RESTAURANT, MA'AM.

OH.

RAINIE. AREN'T YOU GOING TO TAKE OFF YOUR GLOVES?

NO!

I'VE GOT A SKIN DISEASE. IT'S WHY I HAD TO LEAVE THE COMPANY.

IT'S LIKE A SKIN DISEASE.

TAGLIATELLE VERDI, AND A GREEN SALAD. YOGURT DRESSING.

UH. SPAGHETTI BOLOGNESE. PLEASE.

...SURE. I'M STILL A COMPANY OFFICER. I'M IN SIGNALS. WHAT ARE YOU DOING THESE DAYS?

NOTHING.

NOTHING AT ALL.

THE REASON I WANTED TO TALK TO YOU IS THAT YOU'RE A *FRIEND*, RAINIE. AND YOU *AREN'T* COMPANY.

THERE'S *NO ONE* IN CIA I CAN *TALK* TO. IT--IT'S NOTHING *BAD*.

IT'S JUST THAT I'M *PREGNANT*.

THE *FATHER*-- WELL, WE'RE *REALLY* IN *LOVE*, BUT HE'S IN ANOTHER DEPARTMENT. CO-INTEL-PROP. AND HE'S *STILL* MARRIED.

HE'S *GOING* TO GET A DIVORCE. BUT WE'VE *GOT* TO KEEP THIS *QUIET* UNTIL THEN.

BUT IF I DIDN'T TELL *SOMEONE* I'D *BURST*. JUST *EXPLODE*. AND YOU'RE MY OLDEST FRIEND, AND YOU'RE NOT *STRICTLY* COMPANY ANY MORE, BUT...

I'M SO *WORRIED*, RAINIE. YOU MUST *PROMISE* YOU WON'T TELL *ANYONE*.

I... I HARDLY EVER TALK TO ANYONE. I WON'T TELL ANYBODY.

OH *GOD*! RAINIE -- LOOK AT *THEM*! NOW, *THAT'S* SOMETHING THAT FREAKS ME OUT.

I'M *THIRTY-SIX*, AND THIS IS MY FIRST *BABY*. WHAT IF IT'S LIKE *THEM*?

WHAT IF MY *BABY'S* A *FREAK*?

THEY'RE JUST PEOPLE, DELLA. THEY *AREN'T* FREAKS.

IT'S *NOT* THAT I'VE GOT ANYTHING *AGAINST* THEM. IT'S JUST THAT THEY MAKE MY *SKIN* CRAWL.

SO, I DUNNO. WHAT DO YOU THINK I SHOULD DO, RAINIE? I MEAN--

RAINIE? WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUR FACE?

RAINIE?

I--I'M SORRY, DELLA.

I'M SO SORRY.

MA'AM? ...UH, IS YOUR FRIEND ALL RIGHT?

SKIN DISEASE.

SHE'S GOT A SKIN DISEASE.

MY KEYS. MY KEYS ARE IN MY PURSE.

I MUST HAVE LEFT MY PURSE IN THE RESTAURANT.

5J

I CAN'T GO BACK THERE. I CAN'T.

MAGNESIUM.

I CAN'T DEAL WITH THIS.

I...

5J

MULLIGAN. MULLIGAN WILL KNOW WHAT TO DO.

EXTENSION 3440. P-PLEASE.

3440? MULLIGAN, PLEASE.

SORRY, MA'AM. MISTER MULLIGAN HAS BEEN TRANSFERRED TO ANOTHER DEPARTMENT.

NO! HE *HAS* TO BE THERE! HE *MUST* BE THERE!

TELL HIM IT'S *ME*. *URANIA BLACKWELL*. PLEASE. I *HAVE* TO TALK TO HIM. *PLEASE*? LOOK, JUST--

SORRY, MA'AM. OFFICER MULLIGAN IS NO LONGER HERE. CAN ANYBODY ELSE HELP YOU?

NO...

BUT THANK YOU.

WHAT AM I STILL WEARING THIS SHIT FOR?

NITROGEN.

I'M *TALKING* TO MYSELF. I THINK I'M CRACKING UP.

I THINK I CRACKED UP A *LONG* TIME AGO.

I'LL KILL MYSELF.

HOW?

GODDAMMIT, HOW?

UM. HELLO.

DO YOU WANT TO *TALK* ABOUT IT?

WHO ARE YOU? HOW DID YOU GET IN?

THE DOOR WAS OPEN. I HEARD YOU CRYING.

I'M SORRY IF I DISTURBED YOU.

YOU JUST LOOKED LIKE YOU MIGHT NEED SOMEONE TO TALK TO.

I...

MAYBE I DO.

I'M SORRY.

CIGARETTE?

NOT FOR ME.

NICE ASHTRAY.

IT--IT'S NOT AN ASHTRAY. I MEAN IT IS.

BUT IT'S ALSO MY FACE.

YOU SEE. SOMETIMES I HAVE TO LOOK NORMAL, AND THEN I GROW FACES.

BUT THEY DRY UP, AND FALL OFF, BUT I COULDN'T THROW THEM AWAY. THEY'RE PART OF ME.

SO I HANG ON TO THEM.

I... I'M PROBABLY NOT MAKING MUCH SENSE.

NO. YOU'RE MAKING SENSE.

YOU PEOPLE *ALWAYS* HOLD ONTO OLD IDENTITIES, OLD FACES AND MASKS, LONG AFTER THEY'VE SERVED THEIR PURPOSE.

BUT YOU'VE *GOT* TO LEARN TO THROW THINGS AWAY EVENTUALLY.

OHHHH.

HH. AAH. *HHOOAH*. UHH.

HEY? IT'S OKAY... I'M *SORRY*.

LOOK, I'VE GOT A *KLEENEX* SOMEWHERE. *HERE* YOU GO.

OHHH. HH. SNF. HH.

WHAT DID I *SAY*?

IT--IT'S JUHJUST WHUWHAT YUHYOU SUHSAID A--ABOUT *THROWING THINGS AWAY*...

I WANT TO DIE. I WANT TO KUH-*KILL* MYSELF.

AND-- AND I *CAN'T*!

IT'S NOT THAT I'M TOO *SCARED* TO KILL MYSELF.

I--I'M SCARED OF *LOTS* OF THINGS.

I'M SCARED OF *NOISES* IN THE *NIGHT-TIME*, *SCARED* OF *TELEPHONES* AND *CLOSED DOORS*, SCARED OF *PEOPLE*... SCARED OF *EVERYTHING*.

NOT OF DEATH.

I *WANT* TO DIE.

IT'S JUST THAT I DON'T KNOW *HOW*.

I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT IT FOR SO LONG, NOW. I CAN'T SLASH MY WRISTS--I DON'T HAVE ANY BLOOD.

WHEN I WAS AT HIGH SCHOOL, A KID SHUT HIMSELF IN A GARAGE, TOOK SLEEPING PILLS, CLIMBED IN THE CAR AND TURNED THE IGNITION.

"I CAN'T DO THAT. CARBON MONOXIDE'S JUST ANOTHER GAS, TO ME.

"AND MY BODY JUST PROCESSES POISONS."

I CAN'T SHOOT MYSELF. A BULLET WOULDN'T DO ANY REAL DAMAGE.

SO THEN I GET MORE EXTREME.

"MAYBE I COULD SIT AT GROUND ZERO OF A NUCLEAR TEST-- IF I COULD FIND ONE.

"BUT I'M AFRAID I COULD SURVIVE THAT. I THINK I WOULD.

"PERHAPS I'D BE RADIOACTIVE FOR ALWAYS...BUT I'D SURVIVE."

THEN NO ONE WOULD EVER WANT TO TALK TO ME...

"I THOUGHT ABOUT TRANSMUTING MYSELF TO FREE OXYGEN RADICALS AND JUST MELDING WITH THE AIR. OR WITH ADDED HYDROGEN, I COULD BECOME WATER AND JOIN MYSELF WITH THE SEA.

"BUT I'D PROBABLY STILL BE CONSCIOUS. JUST SPREAD OUT ALL OVER THE WORLD."

I WANT IT TO STOP.

I DON'T KNOW HOW TO STOP IT.

HOW DID THAT SONG GO? FROM THAT TV SHOW?

SUICIDE IS ♩ PAINLESS ... IT ♪ BRINGS ON MANY CHANGES... AND ♩ I CAN TAKE OR LEAVE IT... ♩

ISN'T IT DUMB? ALL OVER THE WORLD, PEOPLE RUNNING AROUND, TRYING NOT TO DIE?

HANGING ON TO LIFE LIKE GRIM DEATH.

AND I WANT TO DIE. AND I CAN'T.

IT'S NOT *THAT* BAD, RAINIE. EVEN THE METAMORPHAE DIE EVENTUALLY-- HEY, LISTEN, EVENTUALLY *EVERY-THING* DIES.

IT JUST TAKES A *LITTLE* BIT LONGER FOR YOU GUYS. BUT SOONER OR LATER YOUR MORPHOGENIC FIELD COLLAPSES--

--THE METAPLASM DISSOLVES, AND YOU'RE READY TO MOVE ON.

REMEMBER *ALGON?*

"HE WAS THAT ROMAN CENTURION--A METAMORPH, LIKE YOU. HE WAS *ONLY* 2,000 YEARS OLD, AND *HE* DIED.

"IN A *VOLCANO.* *REMEMBER?*"

BUT--HOW DO YOU *KNOW* THAT? THERE WAS *NOBODY* THERE. ONLY *REX* AND *ME.* NO ONE ELSE.

ME.

...WHO *ARE* YOU?

DON'T YOU KNOW?

YES. I THINK I DO.

AND YOU'VE *COME* FOR *ME?* BLESSED, MERCIFUL DEATH. YOU'VE COME TO MAKE IT ALL *STOP?*

NO. I HAVEN'T COME FOR YOU, RAINIE.

THERE WAS A WOMAN UPSTAIRS, CHANGING THE LIGHT BULB IN HER KID'S ROOM. THE STEPLADDER *SLIPPED*...

LIKE I SAID: I WAS *PASSING* AND I HEARD YOU *CRYING*, AND, WELL, THE DOOR *WAS* OPEN...

ANYWAY: I'M *NOT* BLESSED, OR MERCIFUL. I'M JUST *ME*. I'VE GOT A *JOB* TO DO, AND I *DO* IT.

LISTEN: EVEN AS WE'RE TALKING, I'M THERE FOR OLD AND YOUNG, INNOCENT AND GUILTY, THOSE WHO DIE TOGETHER AND THOSE WHO DIE ALONE.

I'M IN CARS AND BOATS AND PLANES; IN HOSPITALS AND FORESTS AND ABATTOIRS.

FOR SOME FOLKS DEATH IS A *RELEASE*, AND FOR OTHERS DEATH IS AN *ABOMINATION*, A *TERRIBLE* THING.

BUT IN THE *END*, I'M THERE FOR *ALL* OF THEM.

RAINIE, IN WEST AFRICA A SMALL VILLAGE IS BEING MASSACRED BY MERCENARIES, IN PAY OF THEIR OWN GOVERNMENT. I'M *THERE*.

IN THE FARTHEST REACHES OF A DISTANT GALAXY, A PLANET IS BEING RIPPED APART BY INTERNAL STRESSES; THE PLANET WAS THE HOME OF MANY CRYSTAL INTELLIGENCES, CALM AND FINE AND BEAUTIFUL. I AM *THERE* AS WELL.

I'M IN *ALL* THOSE PLACES, AND I'M ALSO HERE, TALKING TO YOU.

BUT... I'M *NOT* YOUR DEATH.

AT LEAST, NOT *YET*.

WHEN THE FIRST LIVING THING EXISTED, I WAS THERE, WAITING.

WHEN THE LAST LIVING THING DIES, MY JOB WILL BE *FINISHED*.

I'LL PUT THE *CHAIRS* ON THE *TABLES*, TURN OUT THE *LIGHTS* AND *LOCK* THE *UNIVERSE* BEHIND ME WHEN I *LEAVE*.

I--I DON'T THINK I *UNDERSTOOD* ALL THAT.

BUT--ARE YOU SAYING YOU *WON'T* HELP ME? IS *THAT* WHAT YOU'RE SAYING? THAT I'VE GOT ANOTHER *TWO THOUSAND YEARS* OF BEING A *FREAK*?

TWO THOUSAND YEARS OF *HELL*?

YOU MAKE YOUR *OWN* HELL, RAINIE.

OKAY. I'LL HELP YOU. IF THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT.

THAT'S WHAT I GET FOR GETTING *INVOLVED.*

YOU'LL *KILL* ME? *TAKE* MY *LIFE*? GIVE ME *OBLIVION*?

YOUR LIFE IS YOUR OWN, RAINIE. *SO* IS YOUR DEATH.

AND *OBLIVION...*? THAT'S *NOT* AN OPTION, I'M AFRAID.

HMM. RAINIE, MYTHOLOGIES TAKE LONGER TO DIE THAN PEOPLE BELIEVE. THEY LINGER ON IN A KIND OF DREAM COUNTRY THAT AFFECTS ALL OF YOU.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT *RA*?

HE WAS A SUN GOD. IN ANCIENT EGYPT.

YEAH. THAT'S RIGHT.

HE'S SEEN *BETTER* DAYS. HE *STILL* KEEPS BRINGING THE METAMORPHAE INTO EXISTENCE, EVEN THOUGH THE BATTLE YOUR KIND FOUGHT FINISHED *AGES* AGO.

IT'S HIS *NEVER-ENDING BATTLE* AGAINST APEP, THE SERPENT THAT NEVER DIES.

DUMB. I *TOLD* HIM, "THE SERPENT THAT NEVER DIES IS *DEAD.* I TOOK HER *THREE THOUSAND YEARS AGO!* THE NEVER-ENDING BATTLE *ENDED...*"

IF YOU *REALLY* WANT TO END THIS LIFE, RAINIE, YOU OUGHT TO TALK TO *HIM.*

TALK TO HIM? BUT HE'S IN *EGYPT*. I *CAN'T* GO TO EGYPT. I...

OH, *HONESTLY*. IT'S LIKE TALKING TO A *WALL*...

SORRY, RAINIE, BUT YOU PEOPLE ARE SO *SLOW*. LOOK.

THE *ORB OF RA*. IT'S NOT *ONLY* IN A TOMB...

HE'S A *SUN GOD*, RAINIE.

HE'S THE *SUN*. WELL, SORT OF. ONE OF THEM.

HE'S OUT THERE RIGHT NOW, RAINIE. *SEE?* TALK TO HIM BEFORE HE SETS.

BUT ASK POLITELY.

WHAT DO I *SAY?*

JUST TALK TO HIM. SAY WHAT YOU FEEL.

UM. RA?

HELLO? RA?

HE *SPOKE* TO ME. DID YOU *HEAR* THAT? HE ACTUALLY *SPOKE* TO ME!

PLEASE, SIR--I DON'T *WANT* TO BE ME. THANK YOU FOR MAKING ME SPECIAL, BUT I DON'T *WANT* TO BE SPECIAL.

I JUST WANT IT TO *STOP*.

CAN YOU MAKE ME *NORMAL* AGAIN?

PLEASE?

LOOK AT YOU? YOU WANT ME TO *LOOK AT YOU?*

BUT YOU *MUSTN'T*. YOU MUSTN'T LOOK AT THE *SUN*...

WELL. OKAY.

...THE SUN.

RALEIGH HOTEL

I NEVER REALIZED BEFORE.

THE SUN. IT'S JUST A MASK, TOO. AND THE FACE BEHIND IT...

IT'S BEAUTIFUL. IT'S...

HAVE FUN, RAINIE.

BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME.

DRIING DRIING

HI.

YOU WANT RAINIE? SHE'S GONE AWAY, I'M AFRAID.

WHERE IS SHE *NOW*? I WOULDN'T LIKE TO SAY FOR CERTAIN.

NO. SHE'S *NOT* LIVING HERE ANY LONGER.

NO, MISTER MULLIGAN. I REALLY *CAN'T* GET A MESSAGE TO HER. I'M *SORRY*.

WHO AM *I*? JUST A *FRIEND*. SOMETIMES. MAYBE.

SORRY I COULDN'T HELP ANY.

BE SEEING YOU...

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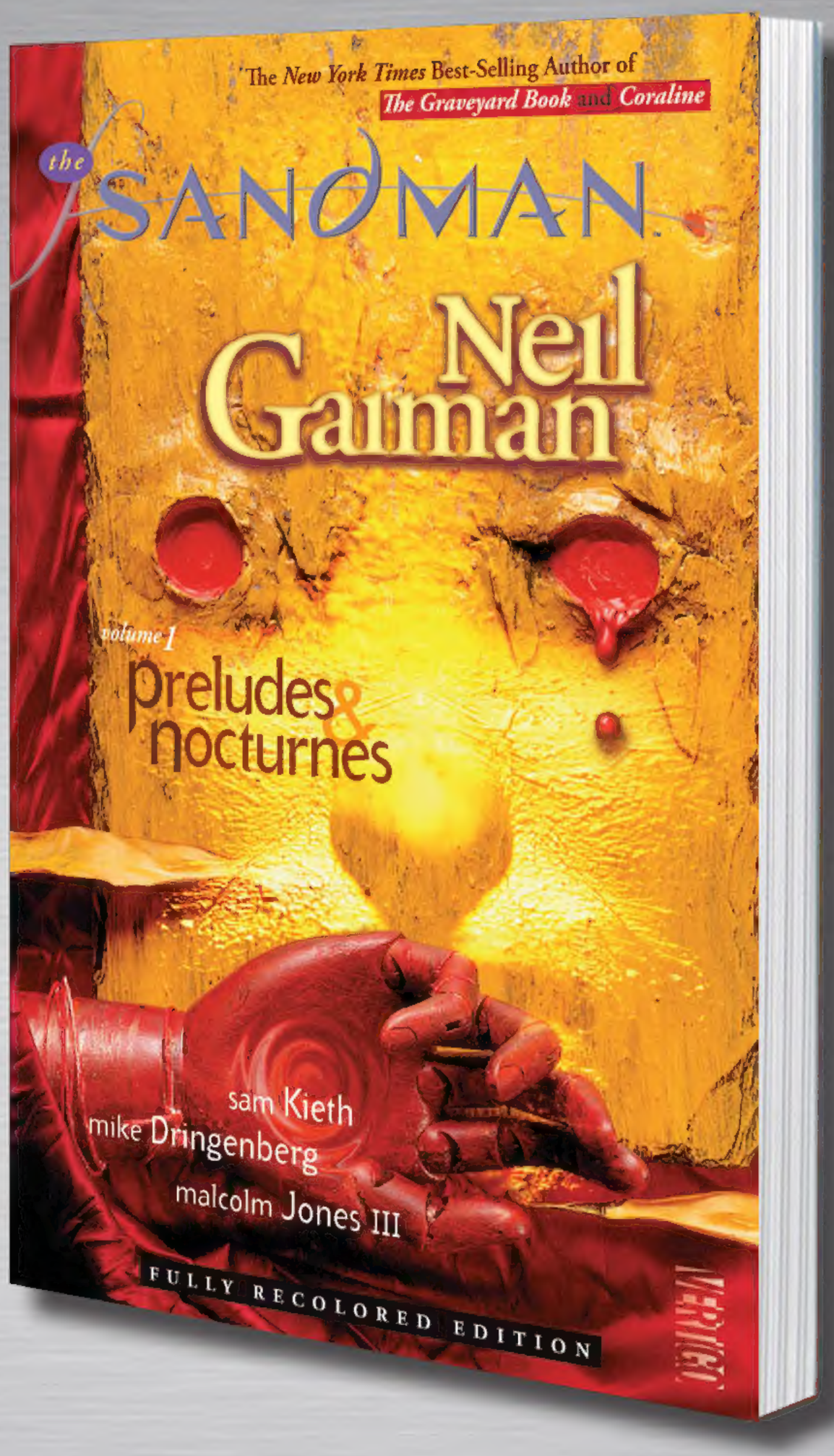

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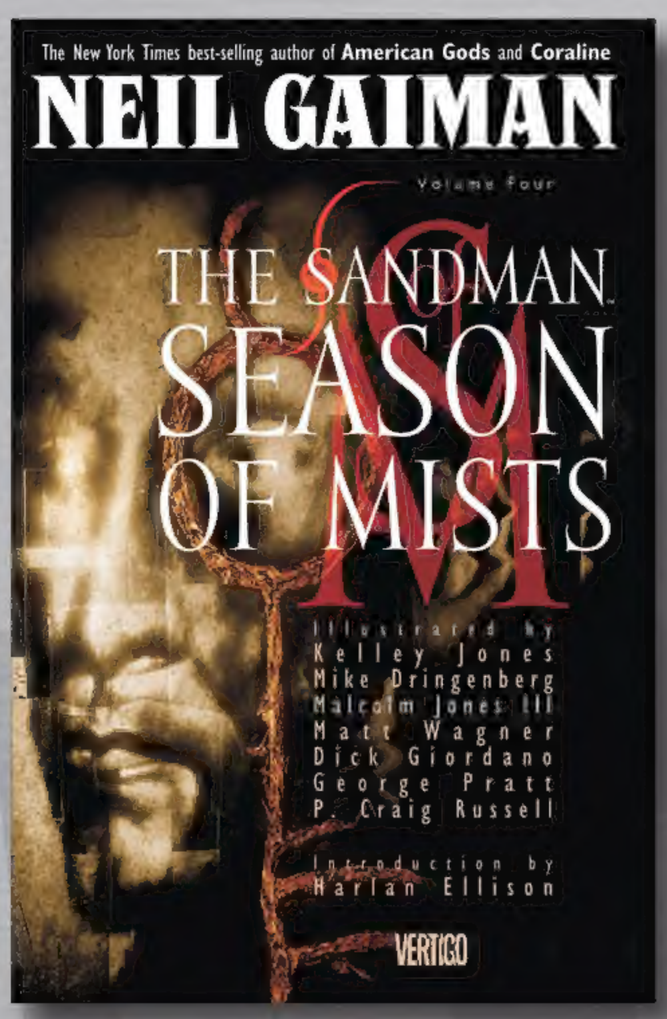

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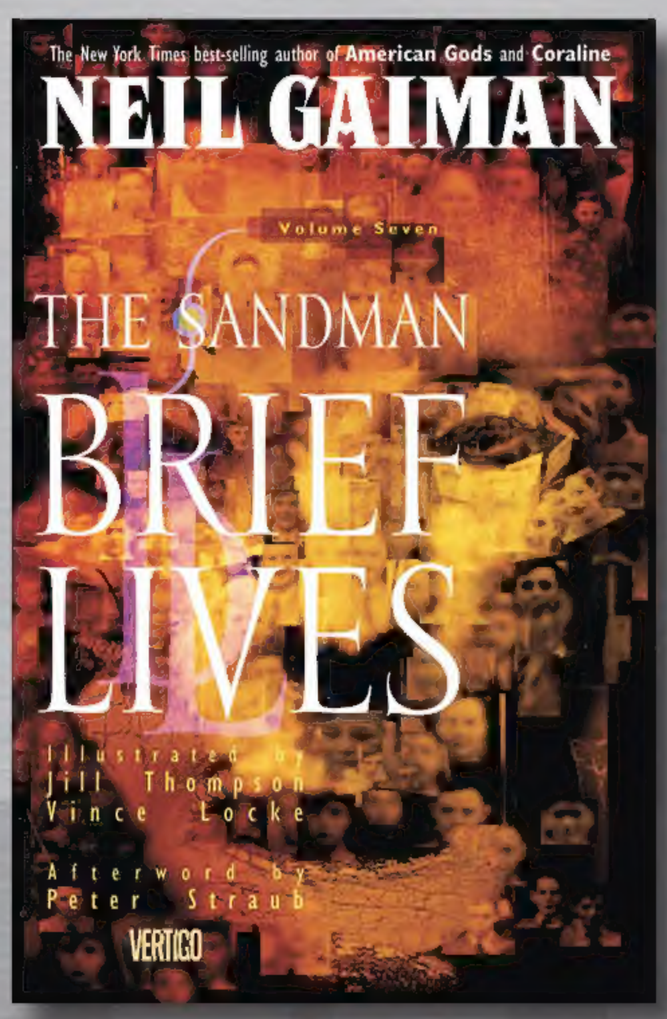

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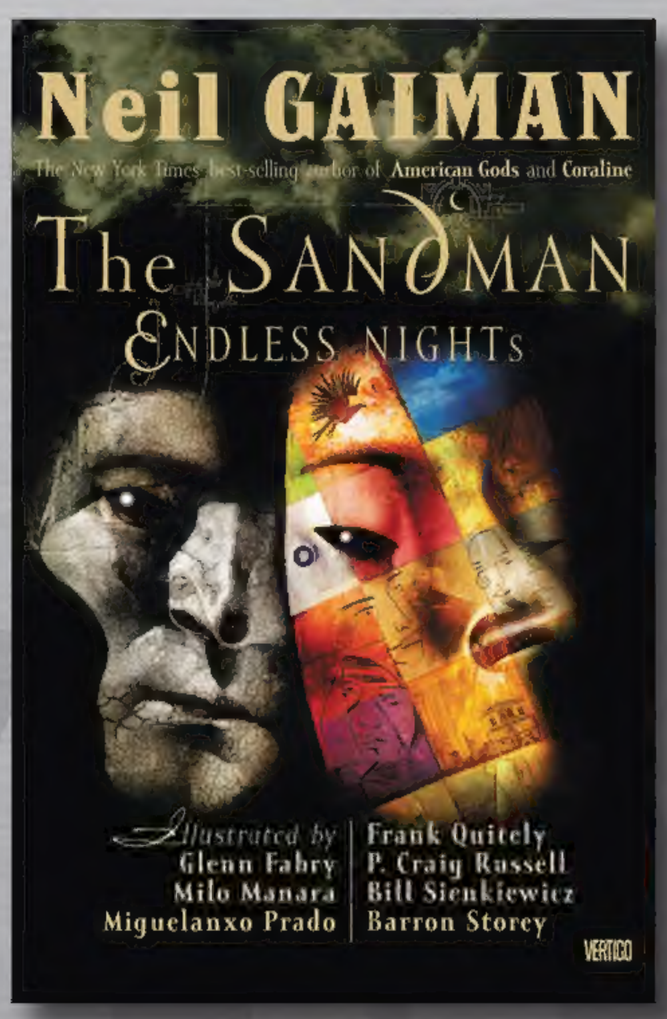

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